

OWINGSVILLE OUTLOOK

OWINGSVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1921

NUMBER 19

Half Wool Blankets.
COONS & CO.

Free lot. at stock at Hills-
on Saturday 26.

New Navy and Pinto Beans, at
R. C. BYRON.

SHINGLES FOR SALE.
T. R. RATLAFF, Grange City.

Oysters, Celery, Cranberries, at
R. C. BYRON.

Bring your hams, butter and eggs
to R. C. BYRON and get the highest
market price.

Free lots for your stock at Hills-
boro on Sales Day, Saturday, Novem-
ber 26.

Just Received—a shipment of J.
Dixon's Kannah Salt.

J. I. STEELE.

at
R. C. BYRON.

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BRING.

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IRON.

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& CO.

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chaining in

last week.

coal, lumber,

before buying. R.

at Hill-

sales of tobacco

market. Monday

at Hill-

made the sale

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ur turkey mon-

Machine or a

erator, at

A. T. BYRON

The Louisville

has pledged

a loss of a mil-

and a half dollars

to the Burley

Growers' As-

sociation.

The Louisville

has pledged

a loss of a mil-

PERSONAL

Miss Mary Capps, of Bethel, vis-
ited Mrs. J. R. Day last week.

Dr. J. W. Fitch, of Louisville, who
came up for a bird hunt, was the
guest of D. W. Doggett last week.

Thomas McQuitty, of Moorefield,
and son, Walter McQuitty, of Sharps-
burg, were visitors here Monday.

John Peters, who travels for the
Memph Range Company, visited
his mother, Mrs. Laura Peters Tues-
day and Wednesday.

Miss Lillian Redwine, who attends
school at Lexington visited her sis-
ter, Mrs. Jo Day Thanksgiving Day
remaining the balance of the week.

Brutus Kash and wife, of Key-
stone, West Virginia, who had been
visiting relatives here for several days
left for their home Monday by way
of Cincinnati, where Mr. Kash had
business.

GREATEST COOPERATIVE BODY

The Burley Tobacco Growers Co-
operative Association, which finish-
ed its preliminary work last week by
the pooling of more than 180,000,
000 pounds of tobacco of the less
than 210,000,000 pounds grown to
the burley district in 1920, is the
largest single cooperative associa-
tion in the world; with 42,000 mem-
bers and the probability that it can
have between 8,000 and 10,000 more
if it decides to permit those who so
far have failed to sign up their crops
with the association, to come into
the organization.

The association covers probably a
wider territory than any other co-
operative body. It includes the coun-
ties of Anderson, Barren, Bath,
Boone, Bourbon, Boyle, Bracken,
Bullitt, Carroll, Carter, Casey, Clark,
Cumberland, Fayette, Fleming, Frank-
lin, Gallatin, Garrard, Grant, Gray,
son, Greer, Hardin, Harrison, Hart,
Henry, Jefferson, Jessamine, Kenton,
Lincoln, Madison, Mander, Man-
twa, Meade, Menard, Mercer, Mon-
roe, Morgan, Pendleton, Powell, Rob-
ertson, Scott, Shelby, Spencer, Trim-
ble, Washington and Woodford, in
Kentucky; Clark, Dearborn, Frank-
lin, Jefferson, Ohio and Switzerland,
in Indiana; Mason, Cabell, Wayne
and Logan in West Virginia; Brown,
Adams, Clermont, Gallia and perhaps
a few others in Ohio, and three coun-
ties in Tennessee, which raise about
eight or ten million pounds. The pro-
duction of the entire district ranges
from 170,000,000 pounds in the poor
years to 300,000,000 pounds when
there is a full acreage and crop con-
ditions are favorable.

Brings Many Millions

Aaron Sapiro, the California law-
yer and cooperative genius under
whose guidance the burley growers
have organized, has said that it
would be worth between twenty and
thirty millions of dollars to the to-
bacco men to form an organization
for the orderly marketing of their
crops. This statement of Sapiro has
been borne out by the fact that to-
bacco which sold on the Lexington
market in January 1921, for two
three cents a pound has been resold
by speculators who bought it at 12
to 15 cent a pound when the man-
ufacturer wanted that kind of toba-
cco. It is believed the growers lost
twenty millions of dollars in Ken-
tucky alone last year by their inabil-
ity to hold their crops off the mar-
ket, as many of their leaders ad-
vised them to do.

The districts as finally agreed up-
on and announced Saturday night,
are as follows:

DISTRICTS

Given in the following order, No.
of district, counties comprising it
and number of pounds pooled in that
district:

1 Fayette, 10,312,540; 2 Bourbon,
10,019,346; 3 Shelby, 9,608,110; 4
Mason, 7,236,567; 5 Scott, 6,971,951;
6 State of Ohio, 6,700,000; 7 State
of Indiana, 6,400,000; 8 Woodford
and Franklin, 10,204,887; 9 Owen
and Carroll, 8,408,435; 10 Henry and
Trimble, 9,710,672; 11 Grant, Galla-
tin, Boone, Kenton and Campbell, 8,
637,859; 12 Harrison and Pendleton,
Bracken, Robertson and

9,920; 14 Bath and
15 Fleming,
up, 7,043,141

al Casey, 7,
1 Mercer, 7,
Washington,
m, 7,744,73

7,744,73

7,744,73

7,744,73

6,637,859; 22 Clark, Powell, Menifee
and Estill, 5,223,000. Total pounds
pooled 180,323,021.

THOMAS STEWART

Word was received here several
days ago of the marriage of J. J.
Thomas, of Prestonsburg, to Miss
Violet Stewart, of Hindman, Ky.
Hindman is 12 miles from Hazard,
Perry Co. Mr. Thomas is the sec-
ond son of Mrs. S. V. Johnson, la-
ter former husband, John Thomas,
and is well known here, where he
made his home for several years. His
wife is the daughter of the Presi-
dent of the Hindman bank, and said
to be an intelligent and attractive
young lady. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
came to the home of Mr. Thomas'
mother Tuesday.

JAMES B. SPRATT

James B. Spratt died at his home
in Mt. Sterling Wednesday night of
last week, after a long illness of
heart trouble. Although he had been
in poor health for some time, his
death came suddenly and unexpect-
edly. Mr. Spratt was a native of
Bath county, a son of Jack Spratt,
deceased, and spent nearly all of his
life in the vicinity of Sharpsburg.
He had accumulated a handsome
fortune. He was a very liberal man.
During the past two years he gave
\$10,000 to educational purposes and
about \$5,000 to the Mary Childs
Hospital in Mt. Sterling, besides
numerous other charities. He was
76 years old at the time of his death
and was a member of the Presbyter-
ian Church. The burial was in the
Sharpsburg cemetery. His nearest
surviving relatives are cousins.

THANKSGIVING SPECIALS

On sale from Wednesday, Novem-
ber 23 to Saturday, November 26 in-
clusive: 8 quart aluminum kettle,
ladle, scoop and measure \$1.48. 5-
piece aluminum baking set \$1.98.
10-quart Tin Kinsing Oven 20c.

J. E. BYRON.

Mrs. W. B. Arnold entertained a
"Armed Heights" her country home
on the Sharpsburg pike, Wednesday
afternoon with a luncheon-bridge.
White and "flow" chrysanthemums
were used in the decoration of the
tables, with score cards in the same
color. Mrs. Arnold was assisted by
Mrs. J. W. Shankland and Mrs. E.
H. Brother. The guests included
Messdames Josh Ewing, Comer Ew-
ing, A. T. Byron, J. L. Byron, Shank-
lin Piper, Annie Richards, Jess Hamp-
son, Lee Brother, B. M. Goodpastor,
E. V. Brother, C. W. Young, E. H.
Goodpastor, Roger Ammerman, Cole-
man Elliott, Sam Crooks, S. F. Ows-
ley, Tom Robertson, of Bethel, Har-
ry O. James, of Paris, Misses Odie
Power, Louie Lacy, Angie Young,
Jackson, Annie Bailey and Mary
Gudgell.

In order to get in Christmas goods
we will, beginning Wednesday, Nov.
23, sell ladies' Misses' and chil-
dren's ready to wear hats at cost,
patterns hats below cost. Come while
there are lots to select from. Also
special prices on silks.

WELLS & STEELE

\$10.00 COATS \$10.00
WE HAVE A WHOLE PARCEL OF
LADIES' COATS
AT \$10.00

All sizes, all wool. Some have real fur col-
lars, some are plain—anything you may
want. Good styles.

BARGAINS

Be sure and see them. They are going
fast.

LACY COONS & CO.

In order to accommodate the far-
mers of this immediate neighborhood
an effort will be made to establish
a tobacco warehouse with a rest-
ing plant attached. This could be
done with a comparatively small
outlay of money, and would doubt-
less pay as transportation of toba-
cco in hogsheads can be done cheaper
than it can be done in the leaf. Be-
sides the farmer would be dealing
with home people that they know and
would be furnishing employment to
laboring men who would spend their
money at home.

Heat Reaches 180 Degrees

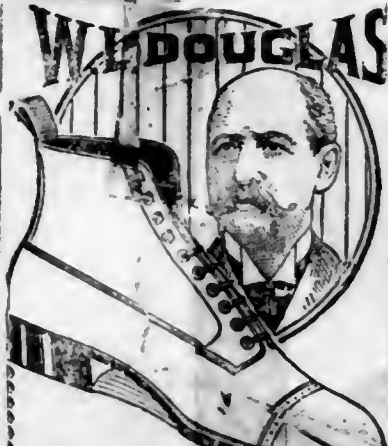
Stacks of Rayleigh black and red
pepper and sage, get yours now
and prepare to make some good sau-
sage.

JAMES M. ROLPH,

The Rayleigh Inn, State Avenue,
Owingsville, Ky.

Kentucky's tobacco crop of all
types this year is estimated at 3
per cent, less than last year and the
corn at 15 per cent, less, by the Na-
tional crop report issued Saturday.
All other crops show a correspond-
ing decrease.

Come to the Community Sale day
at HILLSBORO on Saturday, Novem-
ber 26. On that day THE DEN-
TO, MERCANTILE STORE will
have special sale on Mens and Ladies
Suits, and Coats and Dry Goods at
prices so lowest in 5 years. Sugar
1,000 pounds will be sold at about 6
cents per pound.

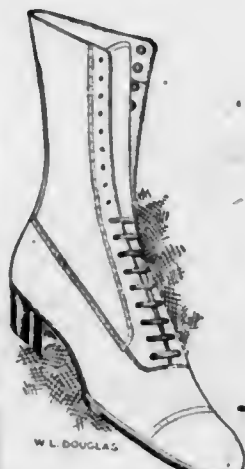


THE SHOE THAT
HOLDS ITS SHAPE

When you purchase
a pair of

W. L. Douglas Shoes

you are getting the
best shoe value for
the price that money
can buy.



ISAAC MORRIS
Mt. Sterling, Ky.



THANKS

Thanksgiving should be a day of thankful-
ness as well as a day of giving.

E. L. T. BYRON

THE WINCHEST

PRE-WAR PRICES

No. 105	on Kutter Sausage Cutter	\$3.75
No. 112	" " "	5.00
No. 110	" " "	5.50
No. 122	" " "	7.75
40-pound Lard Can		50
50-pound Lard Can		70
75-pound Lard can		1.00
30x96-24 Ga Galv Sheets		2.25
36x96-24 Ga Galv Sheets		2.50
Butcher knives	25, 35, 50, 75	
18-pound Lisk Blue Enameled Large		
Turkey Roaster		3.90
18-pound Lisk Dark Enameled Large		
Turkey Roaster		3.25
15-pound Corona Black Enameled		
Turkey Roaster		
12-pound Savory Turkey		

These prices represent
and in most cases the
lowest prices for your
ment.

GOODYEAR TIRES REDUCED

Get our prices before buy-
ing. Here are two of the
many bargains:

30x3 1-2 Non-skid fabric
\$10.95

30x3 1-2 Non-skid Cord
\$18.00

SHROUT, PIPER & SHROUT
HOME OF THE FORD

HAVE YOUR OLD CURTAINS FIXED FOR WINTER USE.

We can make them good as new. Let us
fix them before bad weather begins

Reduction of Labor Prices

We have reduced our labor cost an hour, making
ing your repair bills less. Rich, Goodyear and
Republic Tires, Cooper and Ward Store Batteries

A. N. DENNISON & SON

Day Phone 8 Night Ph

OUR USERS ARE OUR ADVERTISERS

SAM HARRELL

Chief Burns

A Full Blooded Cherokee Indian Who
Stands on the Wings of the Plains Wind
Loops the Loop

Sammie Harrell's Flying Circus

Under Direction of

Sikeston Aero Company

AMERICA'S FOREMOST AVIATION STARS

CHUBBY WATSON

Wing Walker and Plane Changer

LEONARD McMULLIN

The Flying Farmer

ETHEL GLENN

The Beautiful Parachute Leaper

Sikeston, Mo., September 22th, 1921.

Blue Grass Gasoline Co.,
Lexington, Ky.

Gentlemen:-

We are taking this opportunity to thank you for
the prompt service rendered us in supplying your gasoline and oil to us
during the Blue Grass Fair.

We want to state that Blue Grass gasoline gave
us much better results than any other gasoline we have used this year.
The motors seemed to respond much quicker without the usual pitting
and sputtering between speeds as when other makes of commercial gas
are used, and we take great pleasure in recommending it to anybody
using gasoline motors.

"Movoline" oil is the only oil we can use
satisfactorily and performs much better than that recommended by the
motor manufacturers. One quart of "Movoline" lasts twice as long as
our regular oil and seems to make the motor run cooler.

Don't hesitate to use us as a reference at any
time.

Wishing you a prosperous season, we are

Very truly yours

SAMMIE HARRELL'S FLYING CIRCUS

per Sam C. Harrell

SH.R.

Blue Grass Gasoline and Movoline Motor Oil are made exclusively from our own
Big Sinking, Ky., Crude, which makes them 100 per cent. Kentucky products, and we
invite comparative tests with any motor oil made from Pennsylvania or any other
Crude. Movoline lasts longer and lubricates better than any motor oil sold in Cen-
tral Kentucky. We are anxious to prove this statement by ANY TEST ANY TIME
ANYWHERE.

WE ARE BOOSTERS OF KENTUCKY
GREAT SOUTHERN OIL CO.

LEXINGTON

STANISL DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

COPYRIGHT THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

TREASURE ISLAND.

Well, here's a new kind of "Treasure Island"—a kind that Stevenson himself would chuckle over, could he come back to read it. And by a woman, too! So, as you may easily imagine, it's different from the rank and file of the many stories about treasure islands.

Just the same, it's a real treasure island story—an unadorned, unadorned, unadorned story of adventure, mystery, treachery, violence and Spanish doubloons. And this time, for good measure, love and romance and humor are thrown in.

The author, Camilla Kenyon, was born in San Francisco, with a legend of a buccannery ancestor in the family. She says she sometimes thinks the old rover's soul may have got by mistake into her earthly frame. Anyway, she always has dotted on the tales of adventure, and now she has written one of her own that's better reading than most of those she has read.

Yes, it's a sure different—the red-headed heroine tells the story herself. An interesting young person with a yarn that will keep you reading far beyond bedtime.

CHAPTER I.

An Aunt Errand.

Never had life seemed more fair and smiling than at the moment when Aunt Jane's letter descended upon me like a bolt from the blue. The fact is, I was taking a vacation from Aunt Jane, and I was in a good way of enjoying it. I was in a good way of enjoying it. I was in a good way of enjoying it.



"I Must Get to Panama in Time to Save Her."

letter can reach her so can I. At least I must take the chance of it. What these people are up to I don't know—probably they mean to hold her for ransom and murder her outright. If it is not forthcoming, or perhaps some of them will marry her and share the spoils with Miss Higgleby-Browne. Anyway, I must get to Panama in time to save her.

"Or you might go along to the island," suggested Iless.

I paused to glare at her.

"Hess! And let them murder me, too?"

"Or marry you—" cooed Iless.

"One month later I was climbing out of a lumbering hack before the Tivoli hotel, which rises square and white and imposing on the low green heights above the old Spanish city of Panama. In spite of the melting tropical heat there was a chill fear at my heart, the fear that Aunt Jane and her hand of treasure-seekers had already departed on their quest.

I crossed the broad gallery and plunged into the cool dimness of the lobby in the wake of the bellboys who, discerning a helpless prey, had swooped in mass upon my bags.

"Miss Jane Harding?" repeated the clerk, and at the cool negation of his tone my heart gave a sickening downward swoop. "Miss Jane Harding and party have left the hotel!"

"For—the island?" I gasped.

He raised his eyebrows. "Can't say, I'm sure." He gave me an appraising stare. Perhaps the woe in my face touched him, for he descended from the eminence of the hotel clerk where he dwelt apart sufficient to add, "Is it important that you should see her?"

"I am her niece. I have come all the way from San Francisco expecting to join her here."

The clerk meditated, his shrewd eyes piercing the very secrets of my soul.

"She knew nothing about it," I hastened to add. "I intended it for a surprise."

This candor helped my cause.

"Well," he said, "that explains her not leaving any word. As you are her niece, I suppose it will do no harm to tell you that Miss Harding and her party embarked this morning on the freighter Infus Smith, and I think it very likely that the steamer has

not left port. If you like I will send a man to the waterfront with you and you may be able to go on board and have a talk with your aunt."

Did I thank him? I have often wondered when I wakened up in the night. I have a vision of myself dashing out of the hotel, and then the black taut brought me in bounding me away. Bellboys hurried my bags in after me, and I threw them hither and thither. Madly we clattered over cobble ways. Out on the smooth waters of the roasting bay ships went adrift, until, ships with striped masts and smokeless funnels, others with faint gray spirals wreathing upward from their stacks. Was one of those the Infus Smith, and would I reach there in time—before the thin gray feather became a thick black plume? I thought of my aunt at the mercy of these unknown adventures with whom she had set forth, helpless as a little fat pigeon among hawks, and I felt, desperately, that I must reach her, must save her from them and bring her safe back to shore. How I was to do this at the eleventh hour, plus about fifty-seven minutes, as at present, I hadn't considered. But experience had taught me that once in my clutches Aunt Jane would offer about as much resistance as a slightly melted wax doll. She gets so soft that you are almost afraid to touch her for fear of leaving dents.

So to get there, get there, get there, was the one prayer of my soul.

I got there, in a hotly hustled comman- deered by the hotel clerk's deputy. We brought up under the side of the little steamer, and the wide surprised face of a Swedish deck-hand stared down at us.

"Let me hear about it! I must come aboard," I cried.

Other faces appeared, then a rope-ladder. Somehow I was mounting it—a dizzy feat to which only the tumult of my emotions made me indiffer- ent. Three brawny arms of sailors clutched at me and drew me to the deck of disaster.

"What's this?" I asked. "I was the center of a circle of speeches and astonished persons, all men but one.

"Well?" demanded a large broody voice. "What's this mean? What do you want aboard my ship?"

I looked up at a red-faced man in a large straw hat.

"I want my aunt," I explained.

"Your aunt?" he repeated. "Why the devil should you think I've got your aunt?"

"You have got her," I replied with firmness. "I don't see her, but she's here somewhere."

The captain of the Rufus Smith shook two large red fists above his head.

"Another lunatic!" he shouted. "Go as soon as you can to sea in a floating bed!"

As the captain's angry thunder died away came the small, anxious voice of Aunt Jane.

"What's that?" Oh, please tell me what the matter is!" she was saying as she edged her way late the group. Her eyes, round, pale, blinking a little in the tropical glare, roved over the circle until they lit on me. Right where she stood Aunt Jane petrified. Her poor little chin dropped until it disappeared altogether in the folds of her plump neck, and she remained speechless, stricken, immobile as a wax figure in an exhibition.

"Aunt Jane," I said, "you must come right back to shore with me." I spoke calmly, for unless you are perfectly calm with Aunt Jane you fluster her.

She replied only by a slight gibbering in her throat, but the other woman spoke in a loud voice, addressed not to me but to the universe in general.

"The Young Person is mad!" It was an unmistakable British intonation.

"Anybody that ain't goin' in that direction is welcome to jump overboard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN EXISTENCE BY COMMAND

Present City of Halifax Was Founded Under Orders Given by British Government.

Halifax is one of that small number of places that were commanded to come into existence, and obeyed. Acadia was ceded to the British crown by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, but little or nothing was done for a third of a century to give it a British population. Finally, in the spring of 1749, the British government sent out in transports, conveyed by war ships, 2,570 settlers, for the most part discharged soldiers and their families. They were well supplied with means of all kinds, and told to found a city on the shores of Chebucto bay, which they accordingly did, naming the place Halifax, in compliment to George Montague, earl of Halifax, the member of the British government under whose immediate auspices the settlement was undertaken. It became at once the capital of Nova Scotia, and such it has continued to be to the present day. It is, therefore, the oldest political capital under the British flag in all Canada.

Enough Said.

Frequently a question contains its own answer. Such a question was the one put recently by a Kansas young woman who had failed to qualify for a position as teacher. Feeling that she had not been sufficiently dealt with, she wrote: "I think I am entitled to an explanation of why I failed, anyway."—Boston Transcript.

WRIGLEY'S P-K'S

WRIGLEY'S Newest Creation

10 for 5c



A delicious peppermint flavored sugar Jacket around peppermint flavored chewing gum.

Will aid your appetite and digestion, polish your teeth and moisten your throat.

The Flavor Lasts

The Frenchman Pare in the sixteenth century invented three kinds of artificial eyes.

The Bayona tapestry woven by a woman carries the best story of the battle of Hastings.



Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer".

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" you are not getting genuine Aspirin.

physicians over 21 years and proved

Cold's

Toothache

Neuralgia

Earache

Lumbago

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains

Handy tin boxes of 10 tablets—Bottles of 24 and Aspirin in the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonal.

EXPLAINED BROWN DERBY

As a Matter of Fact, George Was Very Far From Trying to "Rush the Season."

One morning, while folks still complained of the protracted hot weather, and the men had not discarded their straw hats in favor of the soft hats in vogue, the woman's course took her past the establishment of one of the leading silversmiths of the city.

Hasty about the entrance of the building was a well-groomed colored man, whose outfit was rendered complete by a stylish light brown derby hat.

While the woman made the mental reservation that the wearer was somewhat curly with such headgear, she regarded him with a keen eye, and she remembered a handsome motorcar drew up at the curb, and there alighted a fine-looking gentleman, whose appearance and bearing bespoke authority and success.

"Good morning, George," was his cheery greeting to the smiling colored man. See you are early with your fall hat, ain't you?"

"Well, no, boss," answered George. "It ain't that I see early with mah new

fall hat. No, snh, mah last winter's hat."

His Wasn't Hungry.

A noted evangelist was preaching in the church of which six-year-old Bruce's parents were members. It was Sunday and the evangelist was to accompany the family home for dinner. He was a man of large physique, with an appetite reported to be in accord with his size. Bruce, lingering nearby, as the minister donned overcoat and hat, heard him remark to the head of the family that he was not hungry. Later, at the dinner, when the preacher was doing ample justice to all tempting viands, Bruce astonished those assembled at the board by saying: "Blessed—, I thought you wasn't hungry." His remark brought a hearty laugh from the preacher.

Engishmen Housewives.

In Lancashire, England, where both husbands and wives work in the mills, the husband does more of the housework than perhaps any other husband in the world. Many of the men can make a bed and prepare a meal better than the wives can.

Why guess about it—

When you can know about it?

Suppose a guide said—

"This way there's a safe and pleasant road to your destination, with no risks or troubles on the way," and—

"That way there's a road that a good many have stalled on and turned back from, but you may get through."

Which would you take?

Postum is a thoroughly agreeable and satisfying meal-time drink, and you're sure that it's perfectly safe for health.

Coffee contains drug qualities which disturb and harm the health of many.

Postum or coffee? Which road?

Why guess when you can know?

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tin) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water.

Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD—USE

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD—USE

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